HAMATEUR CHATTER

The Milwaukee Radio Amateurs Club

December 2010, Volume 18, Issue 12

One of the World's Oldest Continuously Active Radio Amateur Clubs—since 1917

Twas the Night before Christmas

By Clement Clarke Moore
(1779 - 1863)

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads. And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight miniature sleigh, and eight tinny reindeer. With a little old driver, so lively and quick,

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot. A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow. the stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, tinny reindeer. like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

MRAC Officers:

Terms Expiring in 2012

President – Dave, WB9BWP

- V-President– Vacant
- Secretary –Mike , KC9CMT
- Treasurer – Vacant
- Director – Mark, AB9CD
- Director – Dave,KA9WXN

Terms Expiring in 2011

- Director – Al, KC9IJJ
- Director – Vacant
- Director – Hal, KB9OZN

The Club Phone Number is: (414) 332-MRAC or

(414) 332- 6 7 2 2

Visit our website at:

www.w9rh.org

Mail correspondence to:

M. R. A. C.

P.O. Box 240545

Milwaukee, WI 53223

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, `ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

On behalf of the Board of Directors and officers of the Milwaukee Radio Amateur Club, I would like to wish you and yours and safe and happy holiday season.

-'73 Michael B. Harris, KC9CMT

Milwaukee Radio Amateurs' Club
FM Simplex Contest

Purpose: To promote FM simplex operation and VHF/UHF contesting while giving new hams an opportunity to develop their contesting skills.

Date: Sunday, February 20, 2011

Time: 2m (1PM – 2 PM), 70cm (2PM – 2:30PM) ,
6m (2:30PM – 3 PM), 1.25m (3PM - 3:30PM)

Region: Southeastern Wisconsin (Grids-EN52, EN53, EN62, EN63) Contacts with other grid squares are also welcomed.

Bands: 2 meters, 70 centimeters, 6 meters, 1.25 meters

Categories: Base, Mobile, HT, and Club

Awards: Certificates given for 1st in each category and individual band with 2nd and 3rd awards based on committee discretion. Limit one award per person. Winning club is recognized on a plaque at AES Milwaukee.

Points: 2 meters-(1 point), 70 centimeters-(2 points), 6 meters (2-points), 1.25 meters-(3 points)

Special Multiplier: 1.5 score multiplier for Technician Class participants.

Bonus Points: Make a contact with the MRAC station W9RH (any band), and receive a 10 point bonus on your score.

Log Information Required: Call sign of station worked, frequency, time, and grid square.

Detailed Contest Information: Detailed contest information and entry forms can be downloaded from the MRAC web site at www.w9rh.org.

Next Regular Meeting

The next meeting will be January 27th at 7:00PM. We meet in the Fellowship Hall of Redemption Lutheran Church, 4057 N Mayfair Road. Use the south entrance.

Please do not call the church for information!

Club Nets & Breakfast

Please check in to our nets on Friday evenings.

Our ten meter SSB net is at **8:30 p.m.** at **28.490 MHz USB.**

Our two meter FM net follows at **9:00 p.m**. on our repeater at **145.390 MHz** with a minus offset and a **PL of 127.3 Hz.**

You don't have to be a member of the club to join us!

Visit our website at: **www.w9rh.org**

Or phone (414) 332-MRAC or 332 - 6722

Chatter Deadline

The **DEADLINE** for items to be published in the **Chatter** is the 15th of each month. If you have anything (announcements, stories, articles, photos, projects) for the 'Chatter, please get it to me before then.

You may contact me or Submit articles and materials by e-mail at: **Kc9cmt@earthlink.net**

or by Post at:

Michael B. Harris

807 Nicholson RD

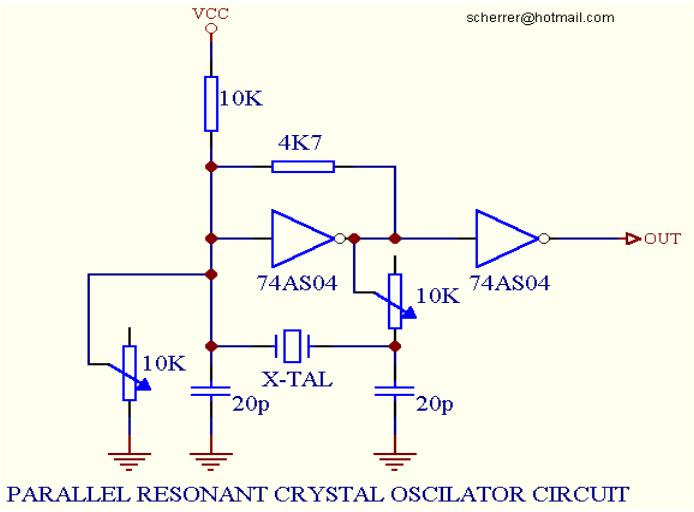
South Milwaukee, WI 53172-1447

Club Repeater, 145.390Mhz Minus Offset (127.3 PL)

Experimenter's Bench

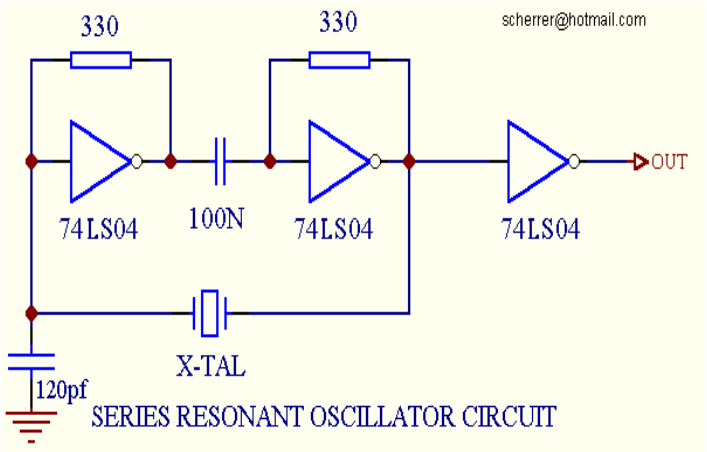
Crystal Oscillator Circuits

A well-designed crystal oscillator will provide good performance with TTL gates. Two types of crystal oscillator circuits can be used: One with series resonance, or one with parallel resonance.



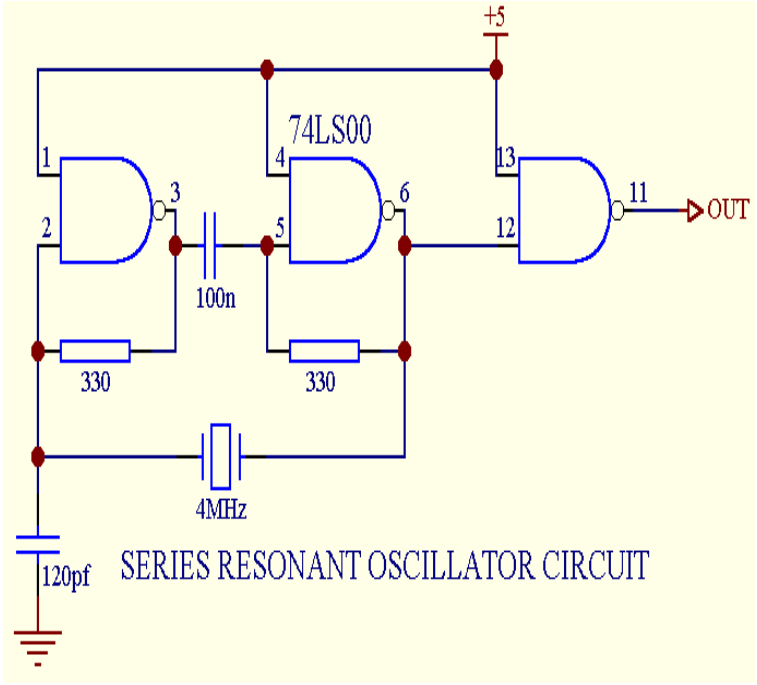
PARALLEL RESONANT CRYSTAL OSCILATOR CIRCUIT

The Figure above shows implementation of a parallel resonant oscillator circuit. The circuit is designed to use the fundamental frequency of the crystal. The 74AS04 inverter performs the 180-degree phase shift that a parallel oscillator requires. The 4K7 resistor provides the negative feedback for stability. The 10K potentiometer biases the 74AS04 in the linear region. This could be used for external oscillator designs.



SERIES RESONANT OSCILLATOR CIRCUIT

The Figure above shows implementation of a series resonant oscillator circuit. The circuit is also designed to use the fundamental frequency of the crystal. The inverter performs a 180-degree phase shift in a series resonant oscillator circuit. The 330 Ohm resistors provide the negative feedback to bias the inverter in their linear region.



SERIES RESONANT OSCILLATOR CIRCUIT

The Figure above shows implementation of a series resonant oscillator circuit, using TTL NAND GATES. This circuit was tested and found to work with the following IC types:

7400 Total current consumption is 21 mA

74LS00 Total current consumption is 15 mA.

The parallel resonator above doesn't work with **74HCT04**.

But it's not because the HCT technology is faster than LS, or, too fast. In fact the propagation delay is similar in HCT and LS. What really happens is that the HCT technology has a higher gain, that is, the inverter has a much sharper characteristic than LS devices. So, with that configuration, it gets very difficult do biase the inverter in the liner or high gain region.

Nevertheless, because the HCT is a low power technology, and nowadays preferable, there's a very simple circuit to build clocks with HCT. I think that you know the configuration, yet I leave it here just in case you don't. Note that this configuration doesn't work with LS because of the gain being to low to biase the inverter.

By Thomas Scherrer

Club Business & News

The Milwaukee Radio Amateurs' Club would like to Welcome the following new and returning members to our organization. Let's all make them feel welcome.

Joseph Schneider, KC9QFU

Darren Beahler, No Call

Bob Dunham, W9RFD

CHRISTMAS IN VIETNAM, 1969: A True Story

by Jim Schueckler

It was Christmas Eve but didn't feel like it in Vietnam. The mess hall had been unusually quiet. Although Christmas music was playing, nobody was talking. Later, in the first platoon pilot's hooch, the mood was the same. The recent deaths of four pilots and four crewmen seemed to overshadow any chance of holiday spirit.

Several pilots were sitting together, and one finally piped up, "We have to do something happy to get out of this mood." Another offered that we should sing Christmas Carols, but nobody would start the singing. I announced that, after almost a year of flying in Vietnam, I was not going to stand around there on Christmas Day watching twenty long faces; I had to fly tomorrow.

After more silence, someone blurted out, "Let's take up a collection for the hospital at Dam Pao!" The thought was met with excited approval. I suggested that I would ask to fly the Da Lat MACV mission tomorrow to take the money that we could collect tonight. Mike volunteered to fly with me.

First stop: the crew chiefs' hooch. I asked Bascom if he would like to fly the Da Lat MACV mission. He and Dave quickly agreed, to also escape the prevailing sad mood. The company commander was in the operations bunker. I explained our plan but he answered: "We don't have the Da Lat MACV mission, in fact we don't have any missions tomorrow. There is a cease-fire on."

I decided to beg: "Please, Sir, could you call battalion and see if some other company has Da Lat MACV?" The CO picked up the phone and then started writing on a mission sheet form. He handed it to me and said, "Da Lat MACV helipad, oh seven thirty. We took the mission from the 92nd." He took out his wallet, and handed me some money.
"Here's something for your collection."

When we reached the gunship platoon hooch three pilots looked on sadly as one man raked a pile of money from the center of a table towards himself. We made our sales pitch about the hospital. The generous gambler pushed the pile toward me and said: "I would just end up losing it all back to these guys anyway."

In one hooch, we were given a gift package of cheeses. We decided to make another pass through the company area, asking for cookies, candy, and other foods. As we left one hooch, the men inside started singing "Deck the Halls,"
and soon those in other buildings were competing. It wasn't clear whether the competition was for the best, worst, or just loudest singing; but it was easy to see that the mood of the company had changed for the better.

We next went to the mess hall. The mess sergeant and cooks were still there, preparing for Christmas Day. The sergeant replied: "Do you have a truck with you?

We have too much food right now because of all the guys who went home early. And we have some canned foods about to expire." One pilot went to get the maintenance truck while the rest of us checked dates on cans and cartons of food.

An infantry unit mess hall was not far away, so we went there next. We accepted several cases of freeze-dried foods. At the dispensary the medic gave us bandages and dressings.

We tied down the pile of goods in the Huey. After dropping off the truck the four pilots walked back to our hooch. One pilot looked at his watch and said, "Hey guys! It's midnight, Merry Christmas!"

My alarm clock startled me out of a deep sleep. A check with my wristwatch verified the time, but something was wrong. Mornings were usually bustling with the sounds of aircraft, trucks, and men preparing for the daily business of war. Today there were no such sounds. Is this what peace sounds like?

In the shower building, Mike and I talked about what our families would be doing today, half a world away. I reminded Mike that my wife promised me another Christmas celebration, with decorated tree and wrapped presents, in just two weeks. I would be meeting another Mike, my four-month-old son.

After breakfast, the others went to the flight line while I called for a weather briefing. When I got to the helicopter, Mike was doing the preflight inspection and had just climbed up to the top of the Huey. Together, we checked the main rotor hub and the "Jesus nut," named because, if it came off, "only Jesus could help you." Everything was fine; we were ready to fly. We took off and headed for the mountains.

It felt good to fly with this crew; we were a finely-tuned team. Lee, who preferred the nickname "Bad Bascom," was the crew chief of this Huey; he did all the daily maintenance on it and flew every mission. With Mike as co-pilot and Dave as door gunner, we had taken that helicopter into and out of a lot of difficult situations. Our company radio call sign was Polecat; we were Polecat three five six.

I decided to climb higher than usual in the smooth morning air. As we left the jungle plains along the coast, the green mountains of the Central Highlands rose up to meet us. Fog on the plateau spilled over between the peaks, looking like slow, misty, waterfalls. In the rising sunlight the mountain peaks cast long shadows on the fog. The beauty and serenity of the scene was dazzling.

The mess hall had been quiet. The airfield was quiet. The radios were quiet. We weren't even chattering on the intercom as we usually did. Our minds were all with different families, somewhere back home, half a world away. Everything was quiet and peaceful; it felt very, very, strange.

We landed at Da Lat, shut down the Huey, and walked into the bunker. The new MACV senior advisor, a lieutenant colonel, agreed that we could stop at the hospital at Dam Pao after we finished his planned route of stopping at every one of his outposts. But we first had to meet a truck at Phan Rang Air Base.

When we got close to Phan Rang, the whole crew listened as the colonel talked by radio with his contact on the ground. Not only was there food and mail to pick up, but the colonel was asked if we also wanted to fly some Donut Dollies around! The helicopter was filled with young men eagerly nodding their heads and flight helmets "YES."

Donut Dollies were American Red Cross volunteers, college graduates in their early twenties. Although no longer distributing donuts like their namesakes of World War I, they were still in the service of helping the morale of the troops. At large bases, they managed recreation centers; but they also traveled to the smaller units in the field for short visits. For millions of GIs, they represented the girlfriend, sister or wife back home.

Soon we were heading back to the mountains with a Huey full of mail, fuel, food, Christmas cargo, and two American young women. We had sliced hot turkey and pumpkin pies for the men who had been living off Vietnamese food and canned Army-issue rations at the outposts.

When we got near the first outpost, the colonel, by radio, told the men on the ground that we were going to make it snow. The Donut Dollies sprinkled laundry soap flakes out of the Huey as we flew directly over a small group of American and Vietnamese soldiers who must have thought we were crazy. Several of them were rubbing their eyes as we came back to land. I'll never be sure if it was emotion or if they just had soap in their eyes.

The three Americans came over to the Huey as the rotor was slowing down. One Donut Dolly gave each of them a package from the Red Cross and the other called out names to distribute the mail.

After about 15 minutes of small talk between the Donut Dollies, the five MACV soldiers, and the crew of 356, the colonel said, "We have a lot more stops to make" and got back into the Huey. The soldiers stood there motionless, staring at us as we started up, hovered, and then flew away.

At the next outpost, the colonel left us to talk privately with the local officials. The crew and I didn't mind having the task of escorting the Donut Dollies. It was easy to see how happy the soldiers were to talk with them. I wondered how they were feeling. Their job was to cheer up other people on what may have been their own first Christmas away from home; if they were lonely or sad, they never let it show. Throughout the day, the same scene was repeated at a number of other small outposts.

Finally, when the official MACV work was done, we were above the hospital at Dam Pao. Mike landed us a few hundred feet from the main building. Several American-looking men and women came out, carrying folding stretchers. They first showed surprise that we were not bringing an injured new patient, and then joy as we showed them the food, money, and medical supplies. One woman began to cry when she

Christmas During Vietnam: Conclusion

saw the price tag on a cheese gift pack. She explained that twenty dollars could provide a Montagnard family with nutritious food for more than a month. One of the doctors asked if we would like to see the hospital. He talked as we carried the goods from the Huey to the single-floor, tin-roof hospital building. "Project Concern now has volunteer doctors and nurses from England, Australia, and the USA. We provide health services to civilians and train medical assistants to do the same in their own villages. In order to stay here we have to remain neutral. Both sides respect our work, and leave us alone."

One of the women described a recent event. Two nurses and a medical assistant student were returning from a remote clinic in the jungle when their jeep became mired in mud. Many miles from even the smallest village, they knew that they would not be able to walk to civilization before dark. A Viet Cong foot patrol came upon them, pulled the jeep out of the mud, and sent them on their way.

There were homemade Christmas decorations everywhere; most had been made on the spot by patients or their families. Inside, the hospital reminded me of pictures of Civil War hospitals. There were only a few pieces of modern equipment but the hospital was very clean. The staff's living quarters were very meager.

As we moved into one ward, a nurse gently lifted a very small baby from its bed; and before I could stop her, she placed him in my arms. He was born that morning. Although complications had been expected, the mother and baby were perfectly healthy! As I held the tiny infant, I couldn't help but wonder how I would feel in just two weeks, when I would hold my own four-month-old son for the first time.

The staff invited us to stay for supper with them, and I could tell the invitation was sincere. But the sun was getting low, and I didn't want to fly us home over one hundred miles of mountainous jungle in the dark. I also would have felt guilty to take any of their food, no matter how graciously offered.

As we started the Huey the colonel was still about fifty feet away talking to the doctors and nurses. He took something out of his wallet and pressed it into the hand of one of the doctors with a double-hand handshake, then quietly climbed on board.

There was no chatter on the intercom as we flew back to Da Lat. Mike set the Huey down softly. The colonel extended his hand towards me to shake hands.

"Thanks for taking us to that hospital, and Merry Christmas."

"Yes, sir, thank you, Merry Christmas."

The flights to Phan Rang and then back to Phan Thiet were also marked with silence. I thought of my family that I would be with in just twelve days, good friends I would soon be leaving behind, and good friends who would never go home. I realized the unusual nature of that day. In the midst of trouble and strife, I would remember that Christmas Day in Vietnam as a time of sharing, happiness, love,-- and peace.

EPILOG: At the 1993 dedication of the Vietnam Women's Memorial, I had forgotten the Donut Dollies' names. Showing around a picture of them next to Polecat 356, I found Ann and talked with Sue by telephone a few days later. That Christmas Day was also special to them.

Project Concern International, 3550 Afton Road San Diego, CA 92123 is still doing similar humanitarian work in Asia and several US cities.

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Christmas tree in the 1/5 Arty FDC hooch.

Testing & Local SwapFests

VE Testing

Testing Session on January 29th at 10am-noon.

Amateur Electronic Supply 5720 W. Good Hope Rd. Milwaukee, WI 53223

Swapfests

WARAC Swapfest

Saturday, January 8th, 2010, 8am– 2pm

Waukesha County Expo Center

100 Northview Rd., Waukesha.

Milwaukee Radio Amateurs Club

Working Committees

Field Day

- Open

FM Simplex Contest

- Joe – N9UX
- Jeff – K9VS
- Brian— K9LCQ

Ticket drum and drawing

- Tom – N9UFJ
- Jackie – No Call

Newsletter Editor

- Michael-KC9CMT

Webmaster

- Joe Schwartz—N9UX

Refreshments

- Michael – KC9CMT

Membership Information

The Hamateur Chatter is the newsletter of MRAC (Milwaukee Radio Amateurs' Club), a not for profit organization for the advancement of amateur radio and the maintenance of fraternalism and a high standard of conduct. MRAC Membership dues are $17.00 per year and run on a calendar year starting January 1st. MRAC general membership meetings are normally held at 7:00PM the last Thursday of the month except for November when Thanksgiving falls on the last Thursday when the meeting moves forward 1 week to the 3rd Thursday and there are no meetings in December, July or August. Club Contact Information Our website address **http://www.w9rh.org**

Telephone (414) 332-MRAC (6722)

Address correspondence to:

MRAC PO Box 240545,

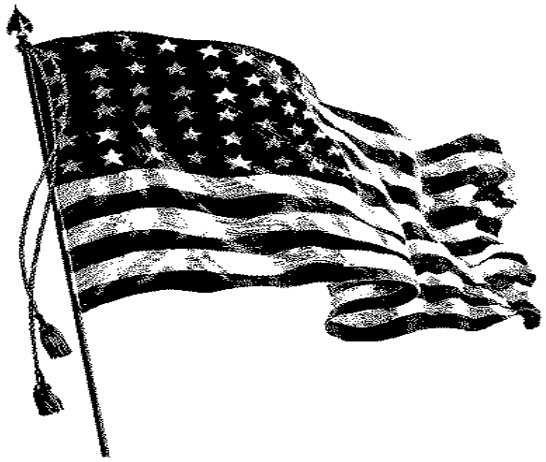
Milwaukee WI 53223.

Email may be sent to

w9rh@arrl.net

Our YAHOO newsgroup:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/MRAC-W9RH/



CLUB NETS:

- Our Six Meter SSB net is Thursday at 8:00PM on 50.160 MHz USB
- Our Ten Meter SSB net is Friday at 8:00PM on 28.490 MHz ± 5 KHz USB.
- Our Two Meter FM net follows the Ten meter net at 9:00PM on our repeater at 145.390MHz - offset (PL 127.3)

Milwaukee Area Nets

Mon.8:00 PM 3.994 Tech Net

Mon.8:00 PM 146.865- ARES Walworth ARRL News Line

Mon.8:00 PM 146.445 Emergency Net

Mon.8:00 PM 146.865- ARES Net Walworth

Mon.8:45 PM 147.165- ARRL Audio News

Mon. 9:15 PM 444.125+ Waukesha ARES Net

Mon.9:00 PM 147.165- Milwaukee County ARES Net

Tue.9:00 AM 50.160 6 . Mtr 2nd Shifter's Net

Tue. 7:00 PM 145.130 MAARS Trivia Net

Tue. 8:00 PM 7.035 A.F.A.R. (CW)

Wed. 8:00 PM 145.130 MAARS Amateur Radio Newsline

Wed. 9:00 PM 145.130 MAARS IRLP SwapNet d FM-38 Repeaters (IRLP 9624)

Thur. 8:00 PM 50.160, 6 Mtr SSB Net

Thur. 9:00 PM 146.910 Computer Net

Fri. 8:30 PM 28.490 MRAC W9RH 10 Mtr Net SSB

Fri. 9:00 PM 145.390 W9RH 2 Mtr. FM Net

Sat. 9:00 PM 146.910 Saturday Night Fun Net

Sun 8:30 AM 3.985 QCWA (Chapter. 55) SSB Net

Sun 9:00 AM 145.565 X-Country Simplex Group

Sun 8:00 PM 146.91 Information Net

Sun 8:00 PM 28.365 10/10 International Net (SSB)

Sun 9:00 PM 146.91 Swap Net

2 meter repeaters are offset by 600KHz - - 70 centimeter repeaters are offset by 5 MHz

SSB frequencies below 20 meters are LSB and for 20 mtrs and above are USB.